

# The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY CLINKSCALES & LANGSTON.

ANDERSON, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 7, 1894.

VOLUME XXVIII.--NO. 36.

## AFTER THE RUSH IS OVER,

YOU CAN FIND

**WILL. R. HUBBARD,**

**JEWELER,**

Next Door to Farmers and Merchants Bank,

WITH A FINE LINE OF

**EVERYTHING IN THE JEWELRY LINE!**

Promptness in Everything. Largest Stock,  
Lowest Prices. Finest Goods.  
Polite Attention to All.

DON'T FORGET that I can and will save you money on any  
thing in my line—WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE,  
SILVER SPOONS of Clemons Agricultural College of my own get up

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**HARDWARE**

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**Special Offer:**

**BLACKSMITH BELLOWS,**

**BLACKSMITH COMPLETE OUTFITS.**

No such Prices,

No such Goods,

Ever offered before.

**BARBED WIRE—50,000 pounds.**

**POULTRY and GARDEN FENCING.**

**AGRICULTURAL HARDWARE,**

**AND IMPLEMENTS.**

**EVERYTHING USEFUL.**

PRICES down with any market in the United States.

**COME TO SEE US!**

In our New Quarters,  
15 South Main Street,  
Broyles New Building.

In order to close out our Stock of

**CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS,**

AT ONCE, we offer every article in this department at a SACRIFICE.  
Don't fail to see the Stock. You certainly need some of our Bargains.

Don't get a pair of SHOES until you see our Stock.

Our Motto: "Best Goods for Least Money."

**TAYLOR & CRAYTON.**

**LADIES' STORE!**

**BEGINS A GRAND CLEARANCE SALE!**

FOR THE NEXT SIXTY DAYS WE WILL SELL OUR ENTIRE  
STOCK—

**AT AND BELOW COST!**

In order to be ready for a large "Spring Stock," we are determined to have  
a clear store to begin the Spring with, so we propose to give our Goods for  
COST. All who want BARGAINS can have them by calling early with the  
CASH.

This is a bona fide offer. We invite all to come and see for themselves,  
and be convinced that we mean just what we say.

With thanks for the liberal patronage you have bestowed this season,  
We are respectfully yours,

MISS LIZZIE WILLIAMS.

1845.

1893.

**Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Co.,**

OF NEWARK, N. J.

**AMZI DODD, President.**

Assets:

Market Values, \$51,395,903.59.

Paid to Policy Holders since Organization:

\$124,558,722.56.

Surplus:

Massachusetts Standard, \$3,661,250.01.

Policies Absolutely Non-Forfeitable after Second Year.

In case of lapse the Policy is continued in force as long as its value will pay for;  
or, if preferred, a Paid-up Policy for its full value is issued in exchange.  
After the second year Policies are incontestable, and all restrictions as to residence  
and occupation are removed.  
Cash Loans are made to the extent of 50 per cent. of the reserve value, where  
warranted by the Policy, and can be made as collateral security.  
Losses paid immediately upon completion and approval of proofs.

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Managers for South Carolina.

Anderson, S. C.

**SEED BARLEY AND RYE,**

**FLOUR,**

**HAMS,**

**LARD,**

**And a Fancy Line of Canned Goods,**

For sale at Low Prices by

**D. S. MAXWELL & SON,**

NO. 5 CHICQUOLA PLACE.

160-acre Farm to rent.

**ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!**

We may be able to save you some money, provided you need any  
kind of Groceries.

If you ever expect to buy FLOUR CHEAP, now is the time to buy, as a man don't  
usually stumble on Bargains like we are offering more than once in an ordinary  
life-time.

**FLOUR! FLOUR!! FLOUR!!!**

Just received a big lot of Blue Ribbon Flour—the best Flour on top of dirt for  
\$4.00. Don't forget the brand. Remember, too, that you can only get this Flour from  
JOHN A. AUSTIN & CO. It is the nearest approach to the \$5.00 article to be had.  
We have had a nice trade, indeed, for which we return our sincere thanks to our  
friends; but we want a larger trade, and to get it we will make special inducements in  
all kinds of Groceries. AUSTIN & CO. is the place. Call on us and we will give you a  
cordial welcome.

**PALACE GROCERY.**

**J. A. AUSTIN & CO.**

## WHAT I HAVE OBSERVED.

Editors Anderson Intelligencer:

In wandering up and down through  
the land, seeing what is to be seen  
and hearing what is to be heard, I  
have observed a great many things of  
late, a few of which I desire to give  
the reading public the benefit.

1. I have observed, in the first place,  
that a great many people are always  
very "wise in their own conceits." Such  
persons always think themselves  
just a little wiser than any one else.  
Not a few people seem to think that  
they don't know has either been torn  
out, or is not worth knowing. Being  
very wise and apt, they are, consequently,  
always well informed in all  
matters of general interest, as well as  
the neighborhood gossip. They have  
just seen old Mrs. They-Say and  
heard all the news for miles around.  
They know who is sick, who is dead,  
who has married, who is going to marry,  
the very day the marriage is to  
take place and all about it. They  
know who is in debt, what for and how  
much, and whether he will ever pay it  
or not. They, to hear them tell it,  
have been taken into the confidence of  
everybody and learned all about their  
private business, and are always anxious  
to give the public the benefit of  
their knowledge. They are always  
the first to hear of a family feud, a  
neighborhood broil, or a Church  
trouble, and always feel honored when  
called upon for information, for quite  
sure are they that no living man  
knows more about the matter, or could  
tell it better than themselves. Very  
confident are they that if their wise  
counsel, which is always gratis, were  
but taken, all the troubles and calamities  
to which the human family is heir  
might be readily averted, and that  
peace and harmony, health and happiness  
would abound from sea to sea  
and from shore to shore. Verily,  
they do wonder why other people are  
so ignorant.

2. I have observed also that these  
"wise ones," however illiterate themselves,  
know far more about teaching  
and managing a school than the best  
educators in all the land. They know  
just what each pupil ought to study  
and what he ought not to study, as  
well as how far to pursue each course.  
They know exactly how to maintain  
perfect order at all times, and how to  
keep each child interested in his  
books and busily employed throughout  
the day. In all matters of discipline  
they are thoroughly conversant, knowing  
at all times and under all the varied  
circumstances that may arise, just  
what ought to be done and how  
to do it. As to who and how and  
when to punish, they are never at a  
loss. However, I have observed that  
it is always the other fellow's child  
that needs the "licking." I recall an  
instance that occurred years ago when  
I occupied the preceptor's chair and  
wielded the ferule. A very intelligent  
patroness ventured to suggest one  
morning that she thought I was too  
lenient, that I ought to use the rod  
more. "Well, madam," said I, "if  
you will tell me which of your three  
children needs whipping I will certainly  
attend to the matter at once." "Oh!"  
said she, "I do not think  
mine needs whipping at all, it is  
somebody else's." But, when I began to  
inquire around among the patrons, I  
found that they were all just of her  
opinion—that it was somebody else's child.

But I have observed that these all  
differ among themselves as to the  
plans and methods of teaching, as well  
as to the books to be used. Some  
advocate the "phonetic" method, others  
the "word" method, while a few (and  
few still cling to the old "A, B, C" method).  
I was very much surprised to  
see an article in a recent number of  
the INTELLIGENCER from the pen of  
"Squire Fewel," advocating the latter  
method. Allow me to say, in passing,  
that I have always regarded the  
"Squire" as the ablest writer and profoundest  
thinker among the many  
local contributors to your paper, and  
have always read his articles with  
much interest, although I consider his  
views a little irregular on this point,  
yet I will not venture an elaborate discussion  
with one whose opinions have  
always been in such perfect accord  
with my own. He spoke very tenderly  
and lovingly of his old teachers, and  
seemed to think their methods far  
superior to any that have existed  
since. Now, this is all perfectly natural,  
and when I read that article it  
touched a responsive chord in my own  
heart and awakened many fond recollections  
of the past. I thought of  
Mrs. Ann Williams, my first teacher,  
of the little "Primmer," my first  
book. Oh, how I prized it! Of Fowler's  
Arithmetic, with its Single and  
Double Rule of Three, than which  
none has ever been simpler, and when  
one was handed me the other day I  
felt like an old friend had been resurrected  
from the dead. Then I thought  
of old Squire Newton and old Capt. Watkins,  
both of blessed memory, and  
of others who are still living. I  
love them all and cherish their memories,  
but we must not let our childish  
sympathy run away with our maturer  
judgment. That these were no noble  
men and women and did a noble work  
no one doubts, but who will say that  
the teachers of the present day, with  
his superior learning, his increased  
advantages and helps in the way of  
improved text books, maps, charts,  
&c., is not better qualified for his  
work than the teacher of twenty-five  
years ago. My observation differs  
widely from his in regard to the advancement  
made by the pupil then and  
now. He says they learned faster  
then; I say they learn faster now.  
But to the subject.

3. Again, I have observed that

nearly everybody now-a-days are well  
versed in the Scriptures. They can  
tell all about the divinity of Christ,  
the doctrine of the Trinity, the second  
coming of Christ, and the end of the  
world. They have been able to approximate  
very closely how many thousand  
years a day in the creation week represented,  
and some have been figuring up  
how many hundred years old Adam  
was on Monday morning of the second  
week. I reckon when they find that  
out, whom Cain married, who Melchizedek  
was, and how Samson caught those  
three hundred foxes that he tied  
torches to and turned loose in the  
Philistine's wheat fields, they will  
know it all. It is no uncommon thing  
to see a man, (frequently a woman)  
who can scarcely read or speak his  
mother-tongue correctly, standing before  
an audience jerking the kinks out of  
Paul's letter to the Romans, and, with  
an air of blissful ignorance, unfolding  
other difficult passages, upon which  
the ablest divine would be slow to  
offer an interpretation. I have observed  
that in many places the pastor has  
to take a back seat and sing, and  
he will soon be told to his face that  
he will never religion, learning, manners,  
nor sense. They think the Lord made  
a wonderful mistake in calling them  
the men he did instead of themselves;  
in fact, some of them verily believe  
they were called, and some ignoramus  
heard it and had the effrontery to answer  
in their stead. They imagine they  
could get up a better sermon during  
a ten minute's walk, than half the  
preachers do in a whole week in their  
study with all their helps. They think  
nothing of criticising severely the  
pastor's most earnest and prayerful  
effort, accepting that which happens  
to suit them and rejecting that which  
does not, without ever examining  
to see whether it is Scriptural or  
un-Scriptural. Though members of  
his own Church, and often baptized  
by his own hand, they will pour out  
their ruthless criticisms upon his defenseless  
head, as if he were but a  
feeling of marble or bronze and had  
no sense or sense of honor. All of his  
defects in life and character are  
brought out before the public gaze  
and placed under a magnifying glass,  
in order that they may, if possible,  
hide all his deeds of charity and words  
of love. Instead of holding up his  
hands they try to drag him down.  
They seem to forget that he is a  
brother, and human, and needs all of  
their sympathies, assistance and prayers.

I have observed that the people are  
not walking in the old paths which  
our fathers trod. There is not that  
consecrated effort, unity of purpose,  
and burning zeal for the salvation of  
souls and the uplifting of the race  
that once characterized our Church  
members. They don't go to Church  
so much to worship, as to see and be  
seen, and when they leave the lady  
members can take a great deal more  
about what kind of bonnets the Misses  
Rosebud had on, how Miss Matilda  
Jane Mayflower had her new spring  
dress trimmed, or how some young  
man had his cravat tied, than they can  
about the text or sermon. The men;  
well, they generally sit and chew  
their tobacco and spit until they get  
so sleepy they just can't stand it any  
longer, and then they go to nodding  
and dream that the preacher is  
never going to quit, but if a fly happens  
to light on their nose and wake them  
up suddenly they will yawn, sprawl  
themselves about, dragging their  
heavy boots over the floor making  
a noise almost equal to a thunder  
storm, and opening their mouths wide  
enough to take in the whole congregation,  
preacher and all, at the same  
time pulling out a great big gold  
watch that is at least nine-tenths  
alloy, snapping it loud enough to be  
heard all over the house. Of course,  
their staying awake and being interested  
depends altogether on the preacher;  
he must be a live man fresh from  
the school of the prophets, drenched  
in a clerical coat, white neck-tie  
and tooth-pick shoes. He must come  
from a distance, with the reputation  
of having been a drunkard, liar and  
gambler before his conversion. His  
courses must be of a highly sensational  
character; he must spin poetry, spout  
a little Greek or Latin (French isn't  
too just as well if the other isn't  
at hand), quote a great deal of ancient  
history that none of his congregation  
ever heard of before, and then wind  
up with some touching death-bed  
scene or graveyard story. Such a  
preacher will always keep his congregation  
awake, and, if he never tells  
them any of their faults, and never  
preaches over thirty minutes at a time  
he will soon become very popular, especially  
if his politics are alright. The people  
are so fastidious that a sermon has  
to be very short and spicy or it is  
no go. A man who would sit on a  
slab bench in the broiling sun for  
four hours, listening to a political  
tirade soon becomes very much fatigued  
in Church on the most comfortable  
seat and complains heavily of the  
long sermon. The object of going to  
Church now-a-days, is not so much  
in search of the good old time religion,  
or to hear the sinon pure gospel, as it  
is to get a nice little intellectual treat.

I have observed that the minister has  
been degraded from the high office  
of a pastor to a mere wage laborer;  
his tenure and salary depending, not  
on his ability to preach the unsearchable  
riches of Christ, and to raise fallen  
humanity from the mire and slums  
of sin, but upon his skill in pandering  
to a sickly sentimentalism. In a great  
many places his services are contracted  
for from year to year, and, if, for any  
reason, they have been the least unsatisfactory,  
and that, too,  
sometimes to only one or two mem-

bers, he is dismissed and another employed  
with as much deliberation and as little  
feeling as a house-wife would change  
her household servants or a farmer his  
farm hands. On the other hand a  
preacher will pull up at the end of the  
year, leaving one field for another, for  
the same reason that a skillful mechanic  
leaves one town for another—wages are  
higher.

I have observed that there are still  
a great many Church members, even  
in this enlightened and Christian land  
of ours, who do not believe in supporting  
the gospel, either at home or abroad.  
They are opposed, alike, to all missionary  
enterprise and benevolent institutions.  
As to the heathen, they tell us right in  
the face of the most positive Scripture  
they will be saved without the gospel, and  
when they pay their subscription to the  
pastor's salary they feel they are making  
him presents. They declare that it is  
inhuman to send a poor little orphan  
child to an orphanage; they say every  
Church ought to have religion enough  
to support its own orphans at home,  
yet such persons were never known to  
give one pair of shoes or a loaf of bread,  
in fact, they never give anything but  
advice. They believe in a free salvation;  
some of them have belonged to the Church  
twenty-five years and it hasn't cost  
them twenty-five cents. Moreover, I  
have observed that such persons are  
neither noted for their piety or attendance  
at Church. They are generally present  
on election days, but always conspicuous  
for their absence on pay days. I have  
observed that this class always does more  
grumbling and less giving than any in  
the Church. I am sorry to say that I have  
also observed that many of these use  
profanity, visit the dispensary, the card-table,  
ball room, and other places of questionable  
propriety.

## The Judgment Day.

"The most wonderful sermon I ever  
heard," said a business man recently,  
in conversation with a Pittsburgh Dispatch  
reporter, "was delivered by a colored  
preacher in South Carolina, shortly after  
the war. I happened to drop into a large  
gathering of colored people one night, and  
was informed that a new preacher was  
about to be tried. The minister arose back  
of a pulpit that had been improvised from  
a barrel turned bottom upward, on  
which was a lighted candle stuck in a  
bottle. He began to read the Bible, but  
stumbled at every word, spelling some  
throughout before pronouncing them.  
A man in the rear said, 'Go ahead with  
your sermon,' and the preacher ceased  
reading. He stood up at full length, and  
in the dim flickering light of the lone  
candle looked more like an apparition than  
a man. His subject was 'The Judgment.'  
Here came that wonderful imaginative  
power for which the colored race is noted.  
In going about during the war he had  
become imbued with the military spirit,  
so he began by giving a vivid word picture  
of the hosts of heaven lying in their tents  
asleep the night before the judgment day.  
Then he worked up to a point where the  
bugle sounded to prepare for the descent  
upon the sinful world. He pictured the  
heavenly hosts hurriedly running out of  
their tents to form in line of battle with  
the Great Commander in front. Then he  
described the stillness that reigned when  
all was ready, awaiting the command to  
advance. By this time the whole congregation,  
including myself, were sitting with  
nerves strained, excited in the extreme,  
and as the preacher described the tramp  
of the mighty host approaching the earth,  
I saw several members, terrified, get  
down under the benches. He then followed  
a courier coming from the distance, who  
reported, 'Death on a white horse' as  
having appeared far away. When the  
preacher described the Commander  
detailing a squad of his soldiers to 'Go  
capture Death,' a terrified groan came  
from the audience. Finally he brought the  
army of heaven down to earth just before  
break, and had them resting on their  
arms, awaiting Gabriel's trumpet. He  
pictured at length how quiet everything  
was, then putting his hands to his mouth  
he imitated the bugle call, which so terrified  
and completely unstrung his audience that  
the greater portion of it arose hurriedly  
and rushed out of the building. In all my  
life I have never heard a sermon that had  
such a startling effect upon a congregation."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.  
LEWIS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that  
he is the senior partner of F. J. CHENEY  
& Co., doing business in the City of  
Toledo, County and State aforesaid;  
and that said firm will pay the sum of  
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each  
and every case of Catarrh that cannot  
be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH  
CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed  
in my presence, this 6th day of December,  
A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, [SEAL]

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally  
and acts directly on the blood  
and mucous surfaces of the system.  
Testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co.,  
Proprietors, Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

—The wealth of Paris is so boundless  
that the rubbish and refuse of the  
city are worth millions. There are  
more than 50,000 persons who earn a  
living by picking up what others throw  
away.

## BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Arp Gives His Theory of the Creation of  
Florida.

Atlantic Constitution.

This is a strange land. It seems to  
me that in some great convulsion  
nature upheaved the peninsula just  
barely above the waters. It was a  
mighty struggle whether it should be  
land or sea and all around the southern  
borders from Key West to the  
main land nature failed to uplift her  
burden and so left a thousand islands  
to mark her lack of power. Indeed,  
the whole State marks her weakness—  
her last great struggle in "dividing  
the waters from the waters." If all  
the lakes and bays and rivers and inlets  
and swamps of Florida were measured  
the dry land would hardly exceed  
them in area. It is water, water in  
eight almost everywhere and the rail-  
roads and wagon roads have to wind  
around and dodge in between to find a  
way from place to place. Some of  
these lakes are as large as whole counties  
in Georgia. I have just circled  
lake Apopka, which is sixty miles  
around—a lake that is bordered with  
early settlers, some of whom found it  
just after the Seminoles were driven  
away and some who came just before  
the late war, but more who came since  
the war and they have lived upon the  
fruits and vegetables that luxuriate  
upon its rich banks. I never saw  
such a growth anywhere, not even in  
the sugar cane regions of Louisiana.  
I never saw the acres of cabbage so  
dense and luxuriant. I could almost  
hear the big heads whisper and say:  
"lie along, get further, don't scrounge  
me," for they did touch each other in  
the rows, and the ground could not be  
seen under them. They are sold by  
the earload and hurried away to  
Northern markets. The farmers used to  
realize four and five hundred dollars  
per acre, but are content with half  
that sum now. Alternating with  
these cabbage fields are orange groves  
that are just immense. Most of the  
fruit has been gathered and shipped,  
but there is still enough left to show  
how burdened were the trees. I saw  
one tree that was loaded to the very  
ground with bending fruit, and two  
oranges of the naval variety that I  
plucked from it and brought home  
were a curiosity even to old Floridians.  
I measured and weighed them  
—one was eighteen inches in circum-  
ference and the other was eighteen  
and a half. The two weighed five  
pounds; who can beat that for  
oranges? One of my little cousins,  
Chester Norton, from Louisville, Ky.,  
had a birthday party last night at the  
Seaview hotel, and these oranges were  
my gift, and when cut gave a good-  
sized slice to all the little folks. I saw  
a natural grove at Oakland for the  
first time. It was down in a hammock  
that bordered on Lake Apopka. They  
had all been burned, of course, and  
there were no rows or regularity, and  
as the trees kept growing and spread-  
ing in that rich soil, the ax and the  
pruning knife have to be used. The  
growth all around Oakland was a revelation  
to me. Weeds grow in the  
muck near the lake that reach fifty  
feet in height in one year's growth  
and are as large as a barrel. The  
Oakland people prepared one last year  
for the World's Fair and cut a hole in  
its stump and tied a coon in it, but  
they could not get transportation.  
Oakland is the headquarters of the  
Orange Belt railroad, now called the  
Sanford and St. Petersburg—a road  
that is a blessing to the Gulf coast, for  
it is the only road in the State that  
charges only three cents a mile, and  
it is very popular with the people.  
Mr. Macleod, its general manager, is a  
young Scotchman who began at the  
bottom and has worked his way up by  
that diligence and integrity that marks  
the highlanders as a people. The road  
belongs, I think, to Phil Armour, or  
else he has the controlling stock.  
How these Northern millionaires do  
spy out this Southern land and plant  
some of their money in paying enter-  
prises. That's right, let them do it.  
If this road had not been built there  
would have been no Tarpon springs,  
no Sutherland or Dunedin or Clear  
Water harbors. While at Oakland I  
was the guest of Mr. Wise, an old  
Georgian who married in the Spear  
family, a family well known in Georgia.  
Judge Spear located 2,000 acres  
here with land warrants and now his  
descendants and their kindred are  
profiting by his wisdom. He kept  
open house here for many years and  
many a pioneer shared his hospitality.  
I wish that he was now living to see  
the development of Oakland and the  
thrill of her schools and churches and  
the shipment of her fruits and vegeta-  
bles.

I found the little town of Apopka a  
few miles further on around the lake.  
It is made up pretty much of Geor-  
gians, and there I found the Andersons  
and Woffords and Lins and others  
of my own County of Bartow. It was  
there that I got into the tail of the  
blizzard and I actually suffered from  
cold, for I was thinly clad and had  
lost my coat on the railroad. I had  
to get up at 5 o'clock to take the  
early train for Orlando. The train  
did not come till near 7 o'clock and I  
liked to have frozen, for there was no  
fire. A genteel darkey, who sported  
a second-hand beaver and a brass  
watch and chain, came up with a  
polite bow and a scrape of his hind feet.  
"Gwine to Orlando?" "Yes," said I.  
"I. 'Lowed to go myself, but I'm  
barren with peculiar circumstances."  
Then he came nearer and whispered,  
"is you a Mason, sir?" "No," said I.  
Then he paused awhile to work his  
wits. "Does you live in Florida,  
sir?" "No," said I, "I live in Georgia."  
Then he brightened up and said:  
"Jesso, I was shore you was a

Southern gentleman. Somehow I can  
always tell 'em from all other kinds  
of people. I would like mighty well  
to go to Orlando this morning, but the  
fak is sur, I jes' lack half a dollar of  
the money and that's why I remarked  
that I was embarrassed."

His game didn't work on me, but I  
saw him on the train all the same.  
Orlando is the same beautiful town it  
was two years ago. From there I  
journeyed to Kissimmee, a little gem  
not yet in its teens, but it has what  
no other town has got. Her broad  
streets are paved with bermuda grass  
and as are the suburbs. The sand is  
hidden everywhere. I wonder if  
other towns can't propagate it. This  
town fronts the beautiful lake that is  
the head waters of a continuous chain  
of lakes that find their winding way  
to the Gulf and are navigable for 500  
miles. I did not find time to visit St.  
Cloud, where Hamilton Disston is  
growing cane and making sugar on  
such an immense scale. Disston  
works there, but lives at Tarpon, on  
the Gulf side. This week I go north  
to Iverness and Crystal river and  
Brooksville, where Georgians abound  
and old soldiers dare to hold veterans'  
camps and talk over the war. I am  
going to see the big live oak tree, the  
oldest and largest on the continent.  
Two horsemen can ride into its hollow  
arabesque and circle round and ride out  
in military style. This is what folks  
tell me.

BILL ARP.

## COUNTESS PERCELE.

The Famous and Notorious Adventures of  
a South Carolina Beauty.

"The Countess Percele has lost her  
head." Such is the news that comes  
from far-off Japan. The Countess  
often before happened with this mis-  
fortune, figuratively speaking, and  
notably, at the great court of the  
white czar of all the Russias, but at  
the court of the wily little Mikado,  
she fell a victim, like Mary, the beau-  
tiful but unfortunate Scottish queen,  
to malice and jealousy, and lost her  
head at the hands of the axman, her  
marvelous beauty and indiscretion  
being the author of her ruin.

"And who was the Countess Percele?  
Who this distant princess that we  
of the South should be interested in  
her sad ending? At one time the  
whole State of South Carolina would  
have listened with bated breath to  
catch one word of this famous beauty.  
She was of the South, and a South  
Carolinian. She was born in New-  
berry district in 1843, and was ranked  
by common consent the most beau-  
tiful and accomplished lady in the  
State. Her father was a Mr. Burton,  
who died while Mary, the subject of  
this sketch, was yet a child. Her  
mother married a Mr. Boozer, who  
adopted her, and gave her his name  
and fortune. For some cause, gossip  
has it domestic trouble, Boozer com-  
mitted suicide. The widow then mar-  
ried a Mr. Feaster and took up their  
abode in the aristocratic city of Col-  
umbia.

Feaster being a man of wealth and  
having no children of his own, lav-  
ished his money upon the step daugh-  
ter, giving her all the education and  
accomplishments that wealth could  
bestow. She grew in grace and love-  
liness, as she merged into womanhood,  
and became one of the most beautiful  
and fascinating young ladies in the  
whole State, and her personal charms  
were surpassed, if such was possible,  
by her brilliancy, her wit and charm-  
ing manners. In fact she was said to  
be a perfect model of grace, beauty  
and loveliness. Her rare accomplish-  
ments and dazzling beauty, to say  
nothing of her wealth and social stand-  
ing, made her without dispute the  
social queen of Columbia, and her  
hand was often sought in marriage by  
sons of the wealthy planters of upper  
tendom.

But to all such overtures she turned  
a deaf ear, and remained "unfettered  
and fancy free." The war came on  
and the young swains deserted the  
ballroom and scenes of poetic gaudy  
for the more real and prosaic battle-  
field. With war came ruin, devastation  
and upheavals in society. Paradoxi-  
cal as it may seem, this light-  
hearted, brilliant blue blooded South-  
ern belle and her mother took sides  
with the Union. A batch of yankee  
prisoners was imprisoned in Columbia  
during the progress of the war and her  
interest in their welfare and her zeal  
for the cause she had espoused caused  
her to be socially ostracized and kept  
continually under military surveillance.  
She effected the escape of a young  
officer from Ohio and kept him con-  
cealed in her own house till the city  
was evacuated by the Confederates.

When General Ord, commander of  
the infamous Ninth corps, entered  
Columbia, the officer emerged from  
the place of his long concealment, and  
lost no time in proclaiming it to the  
army the name of his fair benefactor.  
General Ord hastened to the presence  
of this beautiful and bewitching little  
Southern traitress, and hearing from  
her own lips the story of her many  
acts of kindness to and her declared  
friendship for the Union soldiers, dur-  
ing their incarceration in Columbia,  
and the danger that beset her in con-  
sequence, prevailed upon her to ac-  
company him North, promising to aid  
her in every manner that lay within  
his power, a promise he faithfully  
kept.

The finest carriage that could be  
found in the city with a magnificent  
span of horses were taken from the  
rightful owner and placed at the dis-  
posal of the mother and daughter, and  
in this, surrounded by a regiment of  
cavalry, as an escort, this erratic,  
talented, beautiful, once idolized but  
now scorned, enigma, left the land of  
her birth, the home of friends and

kindred and began her grand triumphal  
march in the van of the army, the  
despoilers of the country, the foes of